

RHYMES BY HERALD RHYMSTER

THE SHERIFF OF CERO-GORDO

"The meanest way a man can ride is backward on a horse," said the sheriff. "In some old stage like this," I cried, "The 'cold winds blowin'!" "Look here, you boys, you won't not well versed!" The Sheriff's ride is much the worst; he sends a party down west first

"The war has gone on!"

"Speaking" of sheriffs, just you will! We've got the best one in the State! You'll find him round early and late "Tend to his!" And if the first one that we meet On Cero-Gordo's single street Is not the Sheriff, then the treat— "The fault's not his to do!"

And having nothing else to do I listened while these miners few Told their tales of yarn and woe To suit their notion.

At last we scaled the mountain brow; But when the driver told "We saw We saw the little mining town Was all commotion.

Our friend, who seemed to be the "boss," Said:—"What's the matter here, old boss?"

To tell his grief.
But raising his uncovered head
"The Sheriff's funeral!" he said;
"For know ye, 'twas our Sheriff's dead,
Shot by a thief!"

"You've got the thief? Well, he can wait
Until the judge can fix his fate—
I mean Judge Lynch, the magistrate!
The self-same rope
That lowers the Sheriff's coffin down
Shall drag this villain through the town
And hang him where he'll never drown,
High up the slope!"

"But hain't ye got no funeral sense?
What, plant a pard, and send, him hence

"We've done our best!" responded they—
"For preachers never come this way,
And none of us ever has a pray."
Nor is any grace!"

"Stranger, look here! we're in a fix,
We know a heap of political
And black no more than white and picks
That they have hated
But when it comes to Black and white
We're always driftin' on 'em lock;
For that's a lodge we never struck!
We're ragged!"

"We know you're smart! you've got the look
O' one as sometimes reads the Book!
Don't say I never never undertook
To play the minister!"

He shot out any critics here
And then as he turned to the bar
Will always wear as are the poet
O' brother Deecher!

"We've glad you're not, twist you and me,
For ministers are apt to be
Too high for miners such as we
As you can see!"

Although there's lots o' sinners need,
Our hearts are bigger than our ere; it;
But set us on as a Christian dead
We'll work our shrieve!

"The Sheriff, sir, was brave and square!
The very fact he didn't swear
Would not be a recommendation,
If you would say it."
You've heard it all, and now you see
That the

"We'll gladly do as much for you!
Expense—We'll pay it!"

"We ot'gins! the Master's will
Go forward, must he stop here?
But yet the ore we send to mill
Is not rejected."

With tendered, muted honest brow;
What though his head did step a row,
He did the best as he know'd how!
It was rejected.

"Sometimes in business one descends
To what his conscience ne'er consents.
A man's religion oft depends
On his vocation;

So hotst his cage a little slow,
I would disappoint the Lord, ye know,
To end our feud too fast for glory:
Your commendation!

"I'll tell ye, stranger, just you say,
He warn't a Sunday saint, no way!
But take his word for ye by day,
He'd clean up wall!"

Some low grade mine man put on the more;
Just whether on the corner there
They judge a man as we judge ore
Is hard to tell.

"If we can only get him through
The hearty gait he'll walk off!
Of course he'll be a trifle new
Among the sainted!"

At first he bent the earthen rim
A Little o'mah—rather prim;
But with his winnin' ways, poor Jim
Will get acquainted.

"Just over yonder on the knoll
They've sunk a sort of prospect hole:
Now, stranger, please to take control
Of the place."

Then he said I walked on ahead,
And sorrow followed with the dead,
While heaven sent the benediction shed
Of closing day.

They listened all with bated breath;
I told them what the good Lord saith—
Man must live in preparation for death!
Their hope seemed lifted.

I said, yet knew no reason why—
"Your charity has been my ally."
Man never heard more grateful sigh
For comfort given.

"I got him up, but grew perplexed
To see where courses of fellow next;
Tried to recall an pleasing text—
Would keep him there."

"I leave him to the throne of grace,
Even if I knew he ran a race."
Hurrying to the other place
Of dark despair.

"I think that
I shall have
to go back
to the
other side
of the
mountain."

If there was such a place as hell!
I'd never been there!
Said, "At the golden throne he stood
Our Lord, so merciful and good,
That when the sheriff came, he would
No doubt, get in there!"

Ah, who would not get some comfort any
Where faith and hope had lost their way?
And when I said, "Now let us pray!"
I found them kneeling:
Down on both knees and hands in hand!
Down on both knees in dirt and sand!
While none but God could understand!
How deep their feeling!

For not a single word was said,
But in the presence of the dead
Each bowed with his uncovered head
In dumb devotion!
At such a time speech must not rob
The heaving breast of one faint sob:
Whole prayers were sent with every throeb
Of their emotion!

God listened best when silence prayed:
For measured word and rounded phrase
Gave but the selfish pride betray's
Of creed or schism.

While melting prayers dropped from their eyes
The weeping spirit to baptize,
Think you and Heaven would quite despise
Such soul baptism?

FRED EMBERTON BROOKS.

NIEUW AMSTERDAM.

Time is ever silently tearing over his page, and each age is a volume of years said to be speedily forgotten.
Washington Irving.

High in the dark gray vault September's moon
Is hanging;
Far past the mill girl church leaves the star
studded bay;
Low on Pavonia's hill one purple cloud, remaining
Seems to have been quiescent here mourning his
chief, the day.

Softly the straying winds—wards of eternal ocean—
Tread on the clover carpet, with the ripe peache-
ryon
Swing on the locust branches, whisper their sweet
devotion
Unto the merry moonbeams dancing in sylva-
ny.

Hark! to the dired hood the rook "good night"
is
calling.
Whining his heavy ay home to his bowster's nest
While in each healthful cot sparkling eyes are fall-
ing
Sate in St. Nicholas' keeping, into a hardy rest.

Lost in the leafy shade wrapping the Maiden's
Valley
(Hard by the haunted Collect, splashing with
glowing oars),
Dreaming of days to come, burgher and maiden
daily,
Breathing the airy vows old as Manhattan's shores

Bright is the tavern's glow, sweet is the careless
laughter
As in the foamy flagons Orange's Prince was
tast
Quickens the drifting smoke under the Mackens-
ton
As to each "mel to rusten?" answer the guest
and host.

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Gone is the peaceful eye—gone are the fast-
idious
voices
Gone are the twin who vainly dreamed that
their love could last.
Over the grassy meadow the broken breeze rejoices:
Looked is the lovely picture, safe is the krythe
past!

THOMAS PROCTOR.